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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

"Nothing the Matter with King George!"

The health of the King must necessarily always be a subject of importance to his loyal subjects, and although the absurd tintinnabulations about Royalty in some of our contemporaries are but rarely noticed in this journal, a false report of His Majesty's illness is a matter which should be arrested at the earliest moment. We therefore take the first opportunity of denying absolutely the statement of a contemporary that the King has been again troubled with his throat, and that "the visits of the King's doctors have been most unobtrusive." The King is in perfect health, he has never been troubled with his throat in his life, and none of the Royal doctors have visited His Majesty for months in connection with the King's health. The only visit which the King has received of late was one from Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., who called at Buckingham Palace on the 23rd of last month, soon after the death of Sir Francis Laking, Bart., the King's physician. The object of Sir Frederick Treves's visit to Buckingham Palace was to advise the King as to the late Royal Physician's successor, owing to the necessity of immediately filling up the vacancy. Sir Frederick Treves advised the appointment of Mr. Hewitt, and that distinguished medico received his warrant within one week after Sir F. Laking's death.

* * *

All About the King's Doctors.

It must be remembered that the Royal Family are supplied with specialists for almost every form of illness which may seize them. A Royal doctor is selected solely for his fitness for the job, and there is no favouritism in the appointments. The King's life is too precious to be risked by allowing anything but merit to count in the medical appointments to the Royal Household, and hence, when an accident befalls the Sovereign, it is the Serjeant Surgeon who is summoned; in case of pulmonary or rheumatic complaints either Sir Thomas Barlow or Sir James Reid would be called in; and in the event of the King's stomach serving him as his grandfather's (the Prince Consort's) did him, Sir Robert Burnet would have the distinction of dosing His Majesty back to health. For diseases of the eye, ear, throat, and brain His Majesty has specialists holding the Royal Warrant, and each of the Royal medicos preserves his prerogative of exclusive attendance upon the Sovereign in the event of His Majesty or any other member of the Royal Family falling ill with the indisposition in which he specialises.

* * *

The King in Remarkably Fine Condition.

So healthy is King George that it is over twenty years since a bulletin was issued about his health. That document was signed by Sir Henry Broadbent, Bart. and Sir Francis Laking, Bart., and it told the story in brief of His Majesty's illness from typhoid fever. Sir Francis Laking was, by the way, the only Royal doctor who ever combined different medical posts, for he was physician, surgeon, and apothecary to His Majesty, while ever since Queen Alexandra took him over to Denmark to try, if possible, to save the life of Her Majesty's mother, Queen Louise, Sir Francis had been also Physician-in-Ordinary to the Queen-Mother. King George's favourite medico is, of course, Sir Frederick Treves, who is His Majesty's Serjeant-Surgeon, but is rarely called upon for advice, for the King in his fiftieth year hasn't a grey hair, nor a muscle that isn't as hard as iron. George V. promises to live as long as George III.

* * *

When Society Becomes Supremely Common.

They are going to take precautions against the loss of the loose opera-glasses at the next Albert Hall pageant. Last year several scores of opera glasses were found to be missing, besides other trifles. Society can be very vulgar sometimes. I am reminded of a story of General Sir Alfred Turner's. Dublin society is no better than in London apparently. All ladies and gentlemen who attend drawing-rooms or levees have an unwritten right to go to the St. Patrick's Day Ball. Sir Alfred vouches for this incident. Not content with eating and drinking all they could, many persons used to carry off eatables of all sorts. On one occasion the comptroller saw a stout, elderly lady take a whole fowl and stuff it with considerable deftness into a somewhat capacious silk and embroidered bag. He at once went up to her, and pointing with his finger at the bag, said, "Madame, won't you take some ham with that?" The good lady was not in the least abashed, but replied, "Ah, captain, sure it's a joker you are," and stuck to her booty!

* * *

The Scandal of the Bulkheads Commission: Will Sir Archibald Denny Explain?

The world has been shocked by the appalling disaster to the "Empress of Ireland" in the St. Lawrence River, and everyone is anxious to know at whose door this terrible sea-tragedy lies. In due course we shall doubtless get the truth on the matter, and a good deal will be heard about bulkheads and water-tight compartments, and other means of saving life during ship-wreck. There have been so many terrible sea disasters in recent years that after the loss of the "Titanic" upon her maiden voyage it was decided by the Government that is still in power to do something serious to get at the cause of such awful *debâcles* at sea. So a body was constituted under proper authority, with a distinguished civil servant at its head—Sir Archibald Denny—and it was called "The Departmental Committee on Bulkheads and Water-Tight Compartments."

* * *

This body proceeded, with all the red tape and circumlocution necessary to its proper dignity as a Board of Trade institution, to sit at the office,

Snapshot of a gentleman who suddenly realizes that he forgot to discharge his taxi.

of the Board in Whitehall, and scores, if not hundreds, of naval and mercantile authorities attended the Board of Trade in all their best Sunday frock-coats and top hats to give of their world-wide experience to Sir A. Denny's Departmental Committee, which it was hoped would in future prevent such horrible catastrophes as the recent loss of the "Titanic" and the "Volturno." The Departmental Committee was appointed under Royal Sign Manual nearly two years ago, and over thirty sittings of the committee have been held, and reams and reams of evidence of the most valuable character that the world could produce has been given. And with what result—the "Empress of Ireland"!

* * *

Why Sir A. Denny's Committee has been Useless.

Let us not be unfair to Sir Archibald Denny. The Committee had first to await the termination of the "Titanic" enquiry. That lasted some two months. And throughout this year Sir Archibald Denny has been awaiting the termination of another enquiry—that of the Committee on "Life-Saving Appliances (Apparatus) at Sea," the evidence taken by which is to be printed before Sir Archibald Denny's Departmental Committee can continue its sittings. Hence, during 1914, only one sitting of this committee has been held, and as we said before, the "Empress of Ireland" has gone down, with the loss of over a thousand lives. What time these smug Civil Servants are allowed to play about with departmental committees, human lives are being lost in hundreds, and the taking of the evidence of the scores of distinguished naval authorities strikes us as being a farce, and an insult to the gentlemen who willingly give their time at the Board of Trade in what they believe to be a real effort to avert these awful sea-tragedies. We have no idea as to when the report of Sir Archibald Denny's Departmental Committee on Bulkheads and Water-Tight Compartments may be expected. Also, of course, it does not follow in any way whatever that the report—even if issued a year or so ago—would have prevented, or even minimised, the disaster in the St. Lawrence, between ships which were already in existence when the committee was appointed, and so far as is known, well supplied with life-saving appliances. But if we cannot recall the past we can make all haste to mitigate the perils of the future.

* * *

The Facts about the Prince's Future at Oxford.

If you want to know anything reliable about the Prince of Wales at Oxford, you must read *Modern Life*. No other journal gets the real facts. They take such care of the Pragger Wagger at his Alma Mater that beyond what may be seen of him in the street nothing leaks out—except to this journal! Three months ago the Prince came up from Oxford to give his father an answer as to whether he desired to stay at Oxford for another year, or to begin his military career at once. The Prince had his reply to the King cut and dried. He had decided not to leave Oxford a day before necessity absolutely compelled him. The King, who has always deeply regretted that he was never allowed to go to either 'Varsity, agreed. So back to Isis went the Pragger Wagger, and the next week *Modern Life* told the story, as it came to us fresh from the Prince's own—but there, we need not divulge the source of our information. All that matters is that we tell the truth.

* * *

This is how it was put in *Modern Life* for March 21st last. "It has been decided that the Prince of Wales shall complete his entire University course at Magdalen, Oxford, and His Royal Highness will not go to Cambridge at all. It is recognised that King Edward's being sent to both 'Varsities was not a conspicuous success, as he could never lay claim to being an alumnus of either University, and though the idea was that of the Prince Consort (who, of course, according to Queen Victoria, could never make a mistake) it is well known that King Edward himself never appreciated his transference from Oxford to Cambridge. So the error is not to be made in the case of the present Heir Apparent, who is to

be a 'Maudlan Man' *pur et simple*, and the Royal champion of Oxford as long as he lives." Now we are glad to be able to announce that the *Times* has just discovered that our information was quite true.

* * *

The Editor of the "Times" on the Look-out for "Exclusives"!

And this is what the *Times* has to say on the subject: "We are able to state that the present term, which will complete a full two years' residence of the Prince of Wales at Magdalen, is not to bring his undergraduate career to a final close. It has lately been decided that the Prince is to return to Oxford for the Michaelmas term, so that his residence will be prolonged till Christmas." Readers of *Modern Life* will, we are sure, pardon our being a trifle stuck-up at being three months in advance of the *Times* with the future of the Prince of Wales.

* * *

The Mixed Crowd at the Courts.

There have been huge crowds to watch the processions of duchesses and debutantes at the Courts during the week, largely owing to the expected raid upon Buckingham Palace, as well as the magnificent weather and moonlight nights which have assisted the people in identifying the pretties on their way to the Presence. The chief debutante of the week was, of course, the Duke of Devonshire's eldest daughter, Lady Maud Cavendish; but hob-nobbing with the duchesses and ambassadresses have been some people with personalities above (or below as you please) mere titles. For instance Joe Lyons's lady rubbed shoulders with Her Grace of Sutherland and the Marchioness of Bute; and the wife of Joey Robinson, the Kimberley baronet, figured with her two daughters amongst the élite.

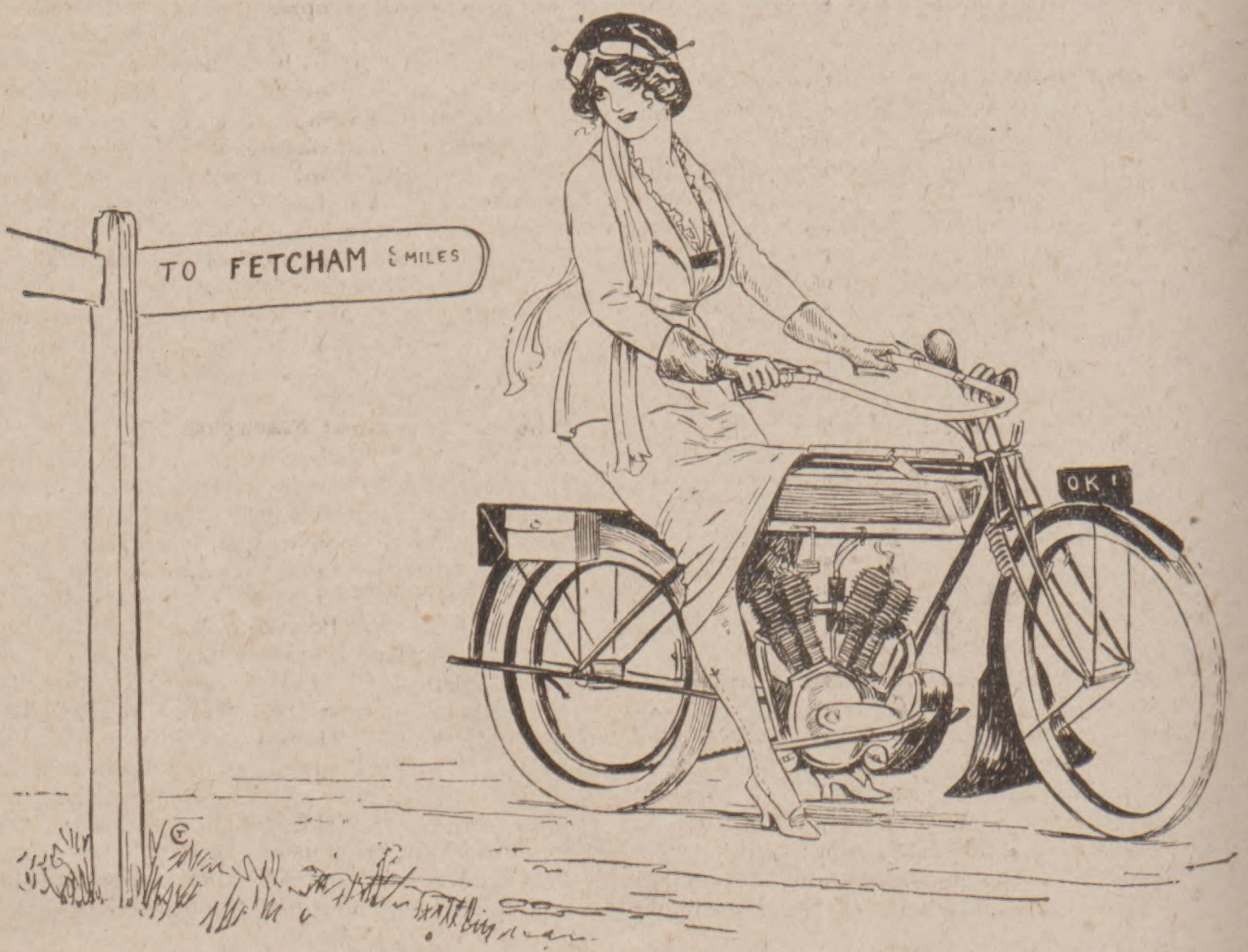
American Peeress's Proudest Moment.

The proudest woman at Buckingham Palace on Thursday night was an American millionairess, and the secret of her happiness was in the fact that she had *the* debutante of the year to present. The lady was once known as Margy Leiter, but to-day, as the wife of the nineteenth Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, she stands in the presence of all that is mighty and beautiful in Britain, as the chaperone of her niece, Lady Irene Curzon, daughter of Earl Curzon of Kedleston and the most beautiful woman who ever reigned in India. It was a proud moment for the Leiters when Lady Suffolk and Berkshire took her charming young niece, the daughter of a hundred earls, with the oldest blood in Britain in her veins, to the footsteps of the Throne!

* * *

Veteran Figure who Recalls a Modern Romance.

Amongst the men at Court was one figure whose appearance evoked as much astonishment as delight. A very handsome and gallant old figure it was too, with a row of medals which betokened how well-deserved was the place accorded him by His Majesty. This was no other than Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, the veteran officer who was alleged to have been the father of the lady King George was supposed to have married at Malta—a lie which long before its refutation in a British court of law had been consistently denied all over the world by the present writer. The Miss Seymour who actually did marry a British Royal Admiral, and lived for fifty years as his wife and widow in St. James's Palace, was Count Gleichen's mother, the late Princess Victor Hohenlohe. If, instead of sequestrating this lady after her romantic marriage to Queen Victoria's Hohenlohe nephew, they had allowed her to figure more conspicuously in general



AND SO IT OUGHT!

Gentleman in a hurry: "Am I on the right 'bus for Victoria?"

society, our King George would never have been the victim of the stupid story which he had publicly to repudiate in the High Court in the Strand.

* * *

Lord Saye and Sele no Longer at the Courts.

Amongst the Court crowd, of course, the first subject of comment was the disappearance of Lord Saye and Sele from the entourage, since Mr. Justice Darling's scathing reference to his Lordship, when he sent Colonel Whittaker to prison. Lord Saye and Sele, as Comptroller of the King's Household, had an important position on the footsteps of the Throne, and has figured at all the Court functions since his appointment to that high position. However, Lord Saye made his last appearance at such a function at the Levee at St. James's Palace on the 25th of last month, and at the Courts of last week he was, of course, *non est*. What will happen subsequent to the statement which Lord Saye and Sele is to make in the House of Lords is for the future to decide. In the interim Lord Saye and Sele has written to the papers announcing the cancelling of his public engagements until he has "had his say!"

* * *

The Joke about Lord Saye and Mr. Asquith.

But the real irony of Lord Saye and Sele's position is only known to the readers of *Modern Life*. They will recall the peculiar circumstances detailed in these columns some weeks ago as to how Lord Saye and Sele—a Radical peer of the most illustrious Norman descent—came to be Comptroller of the King's Household. The facts may now be recalled to mind. The Comptrollership of the Household is a political appointment, subject to His Majesty's approval. Mr. Asquith had several of his own nominees for that appointment, but as the position can only be held by a peer, and King George refuses consistently to have any of the Asquithians in the Royal Household at all, Mr. Asquith had to fall back on Lord Saye to accept this position. The King could offer no objection to Lord Saye and Sele, who is the 19th Lord of his line, and an officer of distinction. All the other available Radical peers of ancient lineage are already in the Royal Household, and Lord Saye's existence saved Mr. Asquith from a serious difficulty. It is real hard luck for the Prime Minister that his one possible noble adherent who could be given the Comptrollership of the Household should have fallen from grace.

* * *

Who is "Viscount Elsington"?

We are requested to state that at a ball given by a well-known Peeress lately, certain persons attended without invitations, and are supposed to have been swell mobsmen of the worst type, several valuable articles being found missing from opera cloaks and coats after the ball. At Mrs. Jessel's ball, too, at 20, Portland Place, we are informed that a gentleman stalked the company as "Viscount Elsington" quite uninvited, and hostesses are warned against the potential depredations of this individual. There is, of course, no such person in the British Peerage as "Viscount Elsington" though the title is a "colourable imitation" of some others, and sufficiently so to work the oracle for admission to houses where all the members of the peerage are not well known—which, it may be added, is every house in London!

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

THE ONLY TYRANNY THAT LASTS.

Oscar Wilde said in one of his plays something to this effect—that the tyranny of woman is the greatest tyranny the world has ever known, for it is the only tyranny that lasts. This is one of the many jewels that ring true amid much nonsense written by that extraordinary and brilliant man, and if you want to see the proof of it you have only to turn to the question of the Suffragette agitation at the present moment. Our boasted civilisation is to-day (admittedly, to our shame!) paralysed, flabbergasted, flummuxed, beaten to a frazzle by the tyranny of a gang of politically gluttonous, ungagged, unsexed, screeching, crazy women, who have been allowed to become, by the hopeless incapacity of our party politicians, the biggest tyrants in the history of modern times. And all because of the simple little fact that man, by centuries of crazy subservience to the demands of sex, has allowed his females (those who may be beautiful and attractive, and useful for sex purposes) to get such dominance over him, that even the most hideous females of the day, mentally, morally, and physically, have been allowed to share in the fruit of the vine, and to stand before us mistresses of the political situation, and tyrants before whom we are traitors to the best interests of our country.

I have been patiently waiting for a year or two to see when public opinion and politicians would admit that at last the limit had been reached by the militant suffragettes. And now, thank goodness, the limit seems to have arrived, and there looks like being such an outcry of disgusted people as will once and for all pay back the suffragettes in their own coin, and desperately finish them off, as what I can only call political and social malefactors. An insane young Suffragette said to me, not many days ago: "What is a picture—what is the whole Royal Academy—compared with the rights of women?" To which I replied: "What are the lives of a few political hags like you of the Pankhurst gang compared with the rights of the people of England?" There you have the thing in a nutshell, the thing to which Oscar Wilde referred. Women, by the very constitution that nature has given them, are constitutionally unfitted for taking a broad and statesmanlike view of any great question. They are noble creatures in their own line of business, and a very fine line of business it is, as all true men are only too glad to admit. But once they are given even a taste of the power that nature never intended them to have (and they have long had far too much social power owing to the idiocy and social fearsomeness of men) their ambition knows no bounds. They are children crying for the moon, and because they cannot get it they proceed like babies to lose their heads, to shriek and to shout with all the fanaticism of which their childish natures are capable, to take advantage of the consideration that man has ever given to their sex, and to make of England the laughing stock of the universe. They become, in one word, the greatest tyrants England has known in all her protracted and varied history.

Do not mistake me, reader. I am referring, I need hardly remind you, to what is after all but a small minority of women, for I know full well that the vast majority of the sex loathe and despise the machinations of the window-smashers, the picture flayers, and the church-burners, and are willing to take the limitations of life that nature has given them, and to work hand in hand with man, in their proper sphere of political and social influence, for the amelioration of the sufferings of humanity, and the betterment of this poor old world of ours. And that is my strong point, and the strong point of our statesmen if they can only be persuaded to see it. The vast, sane majority of women are, I am quite sure, willing, at the present time to say ditto to any measures the Government may take, however severe, to destroy the wicked and malevolent creatures who during the past week or two have finally put the lid on all claims they may have had to the consideration of humanity.

And so, as it seems to me, the moment is at last here for desperate measures to be taken by the Government to put our methods of social and political warfare on a sure and proper footing. Everything within reason has been done to make of these mad, wild women sane and constitutional members of our political society. Everything has failed. Things are worse than ever. But, as Gladstone said on another memorable occasion, "the resources of civilization are not yet exhausted." But so far as I can see there are only two things left, and they are deportation, or death. By which I mean that every single woman convicted of taking part in one of these horrible militant crimes against society should either be deported for years and kept under strict guard in one of the desert places of the Empire (of which there are still plenty left), or, in the alternative, should be left to die in prison, if so be that they prefer to commit suicide by refusing to take food and drink. In the last resort, we cannot forget that force is the only remedy in every single crisis of government. We have not made it so. It is thus by the very conditions of society during all the ages, and just as much so (which we are apt to forget) among civilized as among barbarian peoples. The viper has got to be crushed. And if we crush it by being sadly compelled to see women dying in prison of their own free will, what's the odds, after all? Human life is sacred, but it is not so sacred that the death of Mrs. Pankhurst and Christabel, and a few more of those hopeless humans, would take one thousandth part of an inch of credit from our modern civilization, or would add the smallest fraction of shame to our noblest impulses.

I am one of those who believe that we sometimes put too much value upon human life in this sentimental and sloppy age. And with what glorious inconsistency we do it too! We have our flags and raise our banners, and gloat with glee over fifty thousand men dying in the South African War for no just cause. We can stand the sight of hundreds of women and children going to the bottom of the sea, as they did on the "Titanic," for no other reason than that ocean-racing and top-heavy luxurious liners must be tolerated at the behest of capitalists. We can stand the sight of hundreds of maltreated, and often innocent, men and women done to death in our prisons for crimes that are not one whit worse than those committed by the sexless, inhuman vipers who play upon the love of man for the mothers of the race. Cannot we let half a dozen suffragettes go to the doom that they have chosen for themselves, that they have asked for, that has not been thrust upon them, and so retrieve our reputation for sanity and discipline as inheritors of the traditions of those who made of England and the Empire the greatest thing in constitutional and orderly governments that the world has ever seen?

JONATHAN GRUB STREET.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHAT.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Which member of the Cabinet is so persistently credited with "not taking enough water with it"?

* * *

If Lady Doris Holman did not feel very embarrassed at being congratulated no fewer than five times in one afternoon upon her supposed engagement to a man she had only been introduced to the previous day?

* * *

If it is altogether wise for the wealthy heir to a peerage to be seen about so continuously with the comparatively elderly, but still fascinating divorcée.

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How much Jack Hobbs has insured his Benefit for?

* * *

Why didn't the Suffragettes "have a go" at the Clara Butt concert at Albert Hall?

* * *

The exact nature of the interesting piece of news overheard by the society reporter at Lady Clifden's dance, and if she will ever dare to make use of it as "copy"?

* *

The identity of the musical-comedy actress, who exchanged a pair of ear-rings for a pet monkey, and if she now thinks that she got the worst of the bargain?

* *

Why the romantic love episode between the handsome Russian Ambassador and the Countess Zia Torby at Cannes was brought to such an abrupt conclusion, and if the Grand Duke Michael has other matrimonial ideas for his pretty daughter?

* * *

The identity of the almond-eyed lady who keeps an Oriental curio shop not very far from the Burlington Arcade, and why the majority of her customers appear to be of the male sex?

* * *

Who really writes the cricket "literature" signed by professional cricketers in a popular ha'penny evening paper?

* * *

The identity of the Ambassador's wife, who is making such a fuss because she is unable to obtain a ticket for the Ascot Royal enclosure?

* * *

The identity of the Society man who is continually being mistaken for George Robey, and if he has started to cultivate a moustache for the express purpose of scotching the likeness?

* * *

If it is a fact that only five untitled women received invitations for the Anglo-American Centenary Ball?

* * *

What the river girl thinks of the scheme for removing all the wooded islands and delightfully secluded backwaters from a certain picturesque part of the Thames?

* * *

If the newly-arrived American actress who "forgot to turn up" for her show at the Alhambra the other evening will not have to be less thoughtless in future if she does not want to find herself out of a very lucrative job?

* *

If her Ladyship really intends to sue the manicurist for injury sustained while having her nails treated at the Bond Street establishment?

* *

If the health of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is not causing considerable anxiety, and if it is not more than likely that she will have to renounce the long and strenuous tour upon which she was shortly to have embarked?

* *

Who sent the safety-razor to the Countess Torby, and if it wasn't rather a spiteful hint?

* *

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

The Cloak, the Hood, and the Mask.

If Will Evans finds it healthy exercise helping to pull in the mackerel nets at Shoreham?

* * *

If the "ghost" which has been causing so much superstitious panic at a certain fashionable hotel on the South Coast is in any way connected with the mysterious disappearance of jewellery and other valuables which has been going on there for some time past?

* * *

If the militants are plotting a very daring demonstration for Ascot, and if the person upon whom they are depending for help is a lady of high rank, with free access to the Royal enclosure?

* * *

If the idea for "The Atelier Dance," at the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, originated in the pretty head of Miss Phyllis Nelson-Terry, and if it does not promise to be something quite exceptional in the way of dances?

MORE OR LESS.

Her Armoury.

A pretty girl asked me the other day what scent I used. When I told her I didn't use any, she stared at me pityingly, and taking me up to her room displayed proudly upon her dressing table a whole row of cut-glass bottles. Her armoury, she called it. Every bottle held a different scent. "But why so many?" I asked. "To suit different times and persons, of course," she answered. "For instance, I like violet, but Jack prefers musk, the man who is painting my portrait likes white rose, and so on. I have to suit my scent to my company, otherwise"—she regarded her pretty profile in the glass meditatively—"one doesn't get the correct atmosphere." "It sounds a complicated business," I told her. She gave a sigh, "My dear, men are a complicated business," she remarked, and I suppose when you come to think of it, they are; they are almost as difficult to catch as salmon, and not half so palatable.

* * *

Hats and Sleeping Beauties.

Thank goodness, big hats are coming in again. The day of the flower-pot, the pill-box, the helmet, and all the other weird shapes we have labelled "hats" is over. Ascot is to be a time of drooping brims, plume-decked, rose-wreathed. And a jolly good thing too. We shall never better that type of hat immortalised for us by Gainsborough's Duchess. A big black hat, a muslin gown, a bit of blue ribbon somewhere, a rose under the chin—there you are, as good a recipe as you want for manufacturing a pretty woman. When I see a woman splashed all over with violent colour, I feel so sorry for her. She looks so exactly like one of the rainbow ladies on the advertisement hoardings that one almost expects to see a bottle of somebody's sauce sticking out under one arm. Far better wear a rose, and a curl, and a feathered hat, besides the usual necessary things, of course. Men, to start with, hate bright colours. If they had their way, I believe we should all dress in black. I never yet met a man who didn't admire a woman in a black gown. Besides, look at the way widows get on—get off—perhaps I should say. I wonder if it is because black looks so good. It doesn't cry out to be flirted with like the gayer colours. Men are funny things. When they favour a woman with their affections they expect her to be a mixture of all the kinds of saints, and wear a halo for a hat. She must never have done anything all her life except the Sleeping Beauty business. But if every woman in these days of superfluous femininity waited to be awakened by a prospective husband's kiss before she did anything, she would have to wait longer than even the stereotyped period of a hundred years.

* * *

Motor Matrimony.

What is to be done with all the superfluous women? Goodness only knows. No wonder the modern Adam feels a bit nervous as he looks round and wonders whether one day he will be compelled by law to marry six of the seven unappropriated Eves, for that is what I think we shall have to come to one of these days—legalized polygamy. If there are not enough husbands to go round we shall have to share them, that's all. Personally, I'm not anxious. Anybody can have my bit. Husbands, to my mind, are more honoured in the breach than the observance. Years ago there may have been a little romance about marriage, when you had to rush to Gretna Green before your ardour or your father cooled, but now marriage mostly seems to consist of motoring somewhere. You can't get married without a motor-car these days. I don't think it could be legal if you did. And there is no romance about a motor-car. It is all speedometers and carburetters, and punctures and dull things like that. Give me a team of fat grey horses and a cosy coach, and pleasant little half-hours at country inns. I don't think to enjoy matrimony properly you should motor through it.

* * *

Love a Luxury.

A lot of nonsense is talked about love. Some people seem to think it is one of the necessities of life instead of being a kind of extra. Love is much too expensive to be anything else than a luxury. It is a matter of ready cash all the time. Chocolates, and taxis, and flowers, and gloves to start off with, and goodness knows what else to finish up. No wonder so many people can't afford to become engaged. As a matter of fact, love is a thing we can very well do without. Louise Heilgers.

He: "Going far?"
She: "Well, that depends upon the police."

AN UNNECESSARY CAUTION.

Dainty Conceits and Mirthful Devices.

Collected out of the works of the celebrated Dr. Joseph Miller and others.

By An Eminent Hand.

To Raise an Artificial Storme.—This wych causeth much marvelle and wonder to those who knowe not the secrette thereof, but wych was told me by my informante who likewyse told me much else of a like nature. Go you to a London clubb, and after a space of peace, stand in ye middle of ye roome and say in a loude voice: "Ulster." This majic worde, wych my informante hadde from man of physic of Arabia, has never been knowne to fayle to raise an immediate storme.

* * *

To Extract Gold From Oile.—Many have said that this wonder cannot be performed, but I myself have seen this trick done before mine owne eyes, thus:—Take oute shares on an oile countrie (this must be done in secrette). Then squeeze ye shares by bringing about a storme or a warre in ye oile countrie, and then gatherre all ye squeezed shares unto thyself, and squeeze them again mightilie under a great presse. Much gold of a fine bludde colour will rolle therefrom. This is a pleasante device and one wych pleasethe alle who witnesse it, mightilie.

* * *

A Wittie Conceite of Olde Noah.—It chanced onne daye that Olde Noah and his wife and hys three sonnes and theyre wyfes were gatherred atte table for theyre mornynge meale, when Olde Noah strucke offe ye toppe of ye ostriche egge to partayke thereoffe, and hurried fromme ye roome. Hys wyfe questioned hym sayinge: "Noah, why runne ye fromme ye table; was notte ye egge goode?" To wych Noah replyed: "Ye egge *was* good—in parts." Ye animalles laughed heartillie at thisse joake, but Noah becomminge wrothe flung ye egge amongst them that they quicklie lefte by ye doore in greate hayste in sixes and in sevens. Hence to thisse verrie daye thisse doore is called ye "eggsit" and from thatte verrie tyme comes the sayinge: "Alle atte sixes and sevens." This I hadde from a goode authoritie.

* * *

A Strange Feat.—It hath been spread about ye towne, though it is harde to be believed, that a womanne forre a wagerre didde laste weeke burne uppe a churche and didde breake three pictures with an axxe, and didde then take herre meals through herre nose, saying "You are fedde uppe, butte you cannot feede mee." Her sayinge and otherres of a like kind have greatlie posed our professors and menne in authoritie who knowe notte howe to answerre herre riddelle.

* * *

A Strange Artte.—The learned Doctor Slippenhausen has written in hys booke that ye artte of ye Middle Ages was passinge strange and that at one time it was ye fashion to painte with ye foote. My informante tells me that this hath been surpassed in our owne times, for atte ye Artte Gallerie atte Whitechapelle there can be seene paintings done with ye foote, and moreover uppside downe with ye eyes closed inne wych three paintings have beene done upon ye onne canvasse. This, but forre ye goode authoritie, I shoulde notte holde credit.

M. L.

BY THE WAY.

Lord Howard de Walden and Mr. Frederick Harrison emerged from the Haymarket Theatre the other day and perceived a Punch and Judy show performing "just opposite." "I haven't seen one of these things for years," quoth Lord Howard, and both of them settled down to keen enjoyment of the spectacle. Then, when the man came round with the collecting-bag, there might have been seen the singular spectacle of a millionaire Peer and a well-to-do theatre manager searching their pockets frantically but fruitlessly for coin of this realm. Finally, Mr. Harrison had to dart over to the box-office of his theatre and petition for some "change" wherewithal to donate the Punch and Judy merchant.

* * *

The Earl of Rocksavage, who has been winning such golden opinions from the "cognoscenti" for his skill at polo, is with one exception—we mean, of course, Lord Dalmeny—the most enthusiastic polo-player in the ranks of the British aristocracy. As Lord Rocksavage is only just thirty-one years old, he has heaps of time in which to "go far." He will one day be Marquess of Cholmondeley (a creation, by the way, not quite a hundred years old), and he rejoices or otherwise in the high-flown patronymics of George Horatio Charles Cholmondeley. He has seen some service in his regiment, the 9th Lancers, and there is a martial strain in his ancestry, seeing that a former "Chumley" commanded William III.'s "Horse Grenadiers" at the Battle of the Boyne. Lord Rocksavage has a lovely place in Norfolk, though he isn't there a great deal.

* * *

Sir Herbert Tree, who has so often bewailed (not being wholly English himself) certain defects of our insular pronunciation, would like to know whether one should say, "We plied the spear and bloody sabre Upon thy plains, O Tel-el-Kébir," or "The fighting was not too severe Upon thy plains, Tel-el-Kebir." Sir Herbert may take heart of grace on learning that on the morning after that decisive victory "All Sir Garnet" absent-mindedly picked up a list of casualty returns, and was heard softly humming to himself (to the tune of "So early in the morning"), "List of killed and wounded, Ti-tum, Ti-tum, Ti-tey." (A fact).

* * *

It is surprising what a number of "good" newspapers have fallen into the error of recalling the death of the actor Gustavus "Vaughan" Brooke when speaking of the tragedy of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving. As a fact, Gustavus Vasa Brooke was christened after the immortal King of Sweden of that name. One of the greatest Shakespearean actors of his time, G. V. Brooke was among the two hundred souls who perished in the wreck of the "London" in the Bay of Biscay in 1866, and he was seen at the very last gallantly working at the pumps. His "Richard the Third" was one of the most memorable impersonations of the Crook-back'd Tyrant ever seen on the English stage.

* * *

Sir Douglas Straight, Indian judge, editor, and Bohemian *raconteur*, may be said to have thoroughly enjoyed his life. Himself the son of a barrister, he was one of the many who combine journalism with the practice of the law. As a fine old crusted Tory he was M.P. for Shrewsbury from 1870 to '74, but was defeated at Stafford twenty years later. Sir Douglas's appointment as editor of the *Pall Mall* by its millionaire proprietor was something of a surprise. He was not a brilliant journalist by any means, but he was "sound," not to say "straight," and he edited the P.M.G. for thirteen years, in succession to the far more brilliant Harry Cust. Douglas Straight had always been a great clubman, notably at the Garrick and the Beefsteak.

A HONEYMOON QUARREL IN 1950.

She: "You brute! Take me home to mother at once."
He: "Steady, dear, steady! We've got along together awfully well so far. Don't let's fall out now."

It was Harry Cust (who, by the way, barring accidents, will one day be Earl Brownlow) who at the *P. M. G.* gathered around him a brilliant little lot of W. E. Henley's *National Observer* young men. In those days the *Pall Mall* went in for whimsical headlines to its leaders, of which a couple of choice examples "jump to the mind" at the moment, viz., "Can't think of a title," and (when the French were subduing the savage Sofa tribe) "Sitting on the Sofas." There was even a kitchen and a *chef* for the "use" of the editorial staff in Charing Cross Road in those halcyon days!

* * *

There is something not a little amusing about the pretence of Sir Edward Carson, that he is disgusted at the continual reports of his engagement to Miss Frewen. Yet he will not go any further than to say that the report is "unauthorized," which means, of course, that it is perfectly true, as everybody behind the scenes in the political and journalistic world knows. How on earth is it possible for a big public man like Carson to think that his private affairs are no concern of the millions of people who are interested in him at the present time? He is a public man and must take the consequences of being a public man. Of course, reading between the lines of all this it is easy to see that Sir Edward does not think it politic at the present time to be publicly engaged to the daughter of a man who was a famous Home Ruler. What a funny thing politics are! Or perhaps Sir Edward thinks it is too bad to be publicly engaged so soon after the sentimentalism that was written in his papers about the death of his first wife leaving him "nothing to live for but the cause of poor old Ireland and the flag."

* * *

The news that there are to be no more of the "girl"-named musical comedies at the Gaiety seems once more to mark the end of another "act" of this famous theatre, for it is so long since "The Gaiety Girl" commenced George Edwardes's series of money-drawing "girl" plays, that they seemed to have become part and parcel of London life. In which connection, we wonder how many people remember that there used to be another "Gaiety Theatre" at Anglesea Castle, presided over by the Marquis of Anglesey, some ten years ago or so. The Marquis was an extraordinary man with an obsession for amateur theatricals, and he always played a leading part himself in his musical plays. In one of his parts he used to wear a wonderful costume worth £10,000. It contained innumerable diamonds strung together in a sort of network cuirass which was fitted over the [illegible] Arms, legs, hands, and body sparkled with diamonds and other precious stones, back and front. Tassels of diamonds dangled about his knees and strings of diamonds swung from his wrists. On his head he wore a sort of golden helmet blazing with diamonds. His shoes were studded with diamonds and pearls. Diamond snakes and circles were on his arms. Altogether he was the greatest diamond actor of his time, and about the worst real actor.

A MODERN GIRL'S TOY.

* * *

The sixtieth anniversary of Dr. Purey-Cust's wedding recalls the remarkable fact that the octogenarian Dean of York's wife is a daughter of the fifth Earl of Darnley—the present holder of that historic title being the eighth Earl! (The venerable lady was née Lady Emma Bless Bligh.) As the Hon. Ivo Bligh, the now Lord Darnley was the originator of the famed "Ashes of Cricket," when he took his team to Australia in 1882-3. Whereby hangeth a pretty and romantic tale, with added spice of truth. For the Miss Florence Rose Morphy, who was one of a bevy of lovely Colonials who presented to Mr. Bligh a tiny silver urn containing "the ashes," became his wife, and, in due course, Countess of Darnley. Their son and heir, Lord Clifton of Rathmore, is quite appropriately one of the "bhoys."

* * *

The *Star's* unluckily-worded poster on the day the Wild Furies attacked the Catholic churches ran: "Save the women and children." What from—the mob?

* * *

"The Sacred Apes" is the latest name for the militants, and they certainly do seem to have something in common with the nasty brutes which do so much damage in India with impunity, the natives not interfering on account of their sacred character. When a European retaliates, the beasts get very angry, scream, gesticulate wildly, and generally behave in the manner we have become so familiar with lately. And one is irresistibly reminded of hoary old sacred apes by the pictures that have recently appeared in the halfpenny Press, showing women with their faces convulsed with impotent rage and passion.

TABLOID TOPICS.

"Who's to blame for bad cooking?" asks a daily. We'll have one tremendous guess. The cook.

* * *

"If we had just men," sighs a well-known suffragette. Yes, that's what they want badly, some of them—just men.

* * *

The recent case of a woman who sued a man for squeezing her foot under the table may well be called the "Communion of soles."

* * *

Four hundred articles of different kinds have been found in the body of a dead woman in Holland. Some women will swallow anything.

* * *

The favourite material for débutantes at the fourth Court was net, we are told. Getting ready for the fishing for husbands which follows, presumably.

* * *

"Our serial story is the story of woman's unrest," says a daily. And the scene, we suppose, is laid in the Garden of Eden. It is so nice to have something novel.

* * *

"Why is Redmond," says "Tim" Healy, "not equal to dealing with Carson? Because he is not Carson's match." But surely it is too late to apply a match to (C)arson.

* * *

"Good taste," says Signor Martinetti, "is necessarily tepid." Not at all. What's wrong with a hot whisky, and a little bit of lemon, and a little bit of sugar for the bird, eh, what?

* * *

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's wife was charged with running her motor amok among a procession of the blind. She is well-known also as an air-woman. Apparently she gives herself more than the necessary airs.

* * *

"Mansion House Funds are not opened without a good deal of serious thought," says a daily, in a gigantic effort to give us a full ha'porth. So you must apply elsewhere if Lloyd George worries you too much.

* * *

"The proper way to prepare a bath," says an authority, "is to first put the cold water in and add the warm." And yet we've been putting in the warm water first for forty years and have managed to keep clean somehow.

* * *

A movement is on foot (and mouth) for the establishment of women dentists. They will move in the upper as well as the lower set. If they can extract molars with the facility they display in extracting our money, they will be a sure draw.

* * *

"The only way to settle the labour unrest," says Colonel Lockwood, "is to close the House of Commons for five years, throw the key in the Thames, and suspend all newspapers." May we add, "and drown all Colonels who talk nonsense"?

* * *

"I think one of the Commandments," says Mr. Carnegie, "which is broken more than any other is: 'Let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth.'" We thought that ourselves when we saw Mr. Carnegie's photograph all over the place in one of his famous libraries.

An American tag:—Homo Sum—"Some" man.

* * *

A London sweep died recently leaving £3,600. But that's not as good as the Calcutta Sweep.

* * *

It does not seem to have been a very candied Peel that the Lord Mayor tasted last week at Boulogne.

* * *

There is a split in the Irish National Army. Now there can be no question as to its being composed of crack corps.

* * *

Sir Percy Scott suggests that we should "scrap" all our battleships. Why, certainly, that's what they were built for—"scraps."

* * *

"Prince and His Duchy" is a *Daily Mail* headline. But we should like to know when we will read "Prince and His Dutch."

* * *

"Labour's Big Fist" is writ large as meaning the Trade Union Combine. It suggests that the industrial hands will not knuckle down.

* * *

The Willesden magistrate tells us that: "No man-made law can ever stop a woman's tongue." Then the sooner women make our laws the better.

* * *

We should like to know if the Food Supplement which was given away with the *Times* last Saturday heralds a coming Free Food policy of the house of Harmsworth.

* * *

A daily has the headlines:—"Silent Roosevelt—Refuses to discuss Brazil or Mexico." The newspaper reporter must have been taken in. This was never Roosevelt.

* * *

"The best remedy for bleeding at the nose is in the vigorous motion of the jaws, as if in the act of chewing," says a daily. We reproduce this for the benefit of Gunboat Smith.

* * *

Among the announcements in last week's *London Program* was "Bucks and Oxen. Musical Fest[illegible] on Monday." Has this any connection with the "lowing herd" by the poet Gray?

* * *

All and sundry are warned to keep the numbers of £5 notes coming into their possession. Our great difficulty is in keeping the note itself—when it travels in the paths of our checkered life.

* * *

Miss MacSullivan unsuccessfully sued Mr. [illegible] in America for breach. Now she is engaged at £[illegible] a week in a show skit entitled "The Girl with the Hoe." She means to rake in the money somehow.

* * *

Dr. Ingleby Oddie, the Westminster coroner, advises people to stand still when a motor car dashes towards them. Which advice makes one think that Dr. Oddie has begun to get restless because of the scarcity of cases of late.

* * *

The following fell from Mr. E. Pleydell Chapman's lips last week:—"I put it to you that never in all your life did you see an Irishman biting another man in a fight." "Not very likely," we seem to hear a famous playwright add, "we may bark, but bite,—never."

ETIQUETTE FOR MEN.

"A gentleman walking with a lady should take the outside of the pavement in order to protect her from the dangers of the traffic."

Don't make the mistake of believing that the girl with dreamy eyes is not wide-awake.

* * *

The duty we owe ourselves is always performed first.

* * *

Some compliments fall flat and others flatter.

The fellow who never does anything is the one who can always tell how everything ought to be done.

* * *

Red is always a sign of danger on a railroad and means "stop." Why does a man not take the same hint when it appears on his nose?

IN STAGELAND.

"The Cinema Star," at the Shaftesbury, although not quite so strong in many respects as its predecessor, is good for a very long run—unquestionably. The cast work with amazing unity and immense goodwill. Miss Dorothy Ward's methods betrayed in the first act some of the crude effects customary to principal boy rôles. Towards the end of this act, and thenceforward, one was unable to realise that she had been anything but just perfection in her exceedingly heavy rôle. Particularly pleasing was her burlesque of the emotions as produced for screen purposes. Miss Ward is an exceedingly valuable find; strong, capable, and vigorous in detail.

* * *

There are very few chestnuts, and more than the average allotment of original jibes, one or two of which are extremely happy. I like that one in particular which informs Mr. Lauri de Frece, as Clutterbuck, the ridiculous millionaire of familiar musical comedy type, that "We Russians love mystery!" The remark conveys a dark threat of impending tragedy, but the retort is, "Take her to Appenrodt's." Everybody will know and love Lauri de Frece in his happy misfortunes as Clutterbuck, the public moralist who contrives to get himself filmed and billed as The Roué on the Loose.

* * *

Miss Cecily Courtneidge is daintily pretty, and gives us a desirable picture and something new in situations when, after the two hours' strike of electricians is over, she emerges with Victor Debrett (Mr. Harry Welchman) from the lift, in which they have been stuck for this time. The lift descends, the crowd open the lift doors, and her peer fiancé discovers them, still semi-somnolent, drowsily humming the last love lyric. This, of course, is the main motif. Jack Hulbert has not a strong part, and seems to be rather aware of it. Certainly it is the roughest of luck to have to stammer throughout a whole production so unconvincingly. His handling of a rôle within a rôle, so to speak (I refer to the ridiculously outraged Russian Prince played during the filming scene), gives him his one chance, and he extracts the best from it very successfully.

* * *

Miss Kellogg is becoming wonderfully popular. She decided to take a few hours' holiday, to be present at "The Cinema Star's" first night, and on entering her box received quite an ovation. We were then provided with an amusing instance of the amazing vanity which obsesses some of the unstable minded of the profession. Before the applause had subsided, an unimportant provincial comedienne rose with the dignity of a Grand Duchess, and acknowledged the plaudits of the multitude handsomely. I am open to bet that 99 per cent. of the audience are still wondering who she was.

* * *

Mlle. Lydia Kyasht, the best of all ballerinas of our time, in my humble opinion, is back in England, and opens at the Coliseum next Monday (15th inst.). How many revues would you dodge in favour of Mlle. Kyasht? There are just three that comprise sufficiently high an entertainment standard to stand comparison at all with so superb an artist, and her branch of stage work.

* * *

There was a revue with a terrible amount of hard work in it at the Holborn Empire last week. It was called "What About It?" Never was title more apt.

Mr. Martin Harvey says he is going to collaborate with Reinhardt to produce a morality play on "Everyman" lines. It is an adaptation from a fourteenth century German production. In Reinhardt's hands it is quite easy to foresee that the threatened production may be a conglomeration of sundry disconnected and heavy insanities, which stand, or used to stand (for the Futurist cults are rapidly losing ground) for High Art. Personally I think it is rather a pity that Mr. Harvey should lend the dignity of his personality to the Reinhardt influence, which we had hoped was comfortably dead so far as England is concerned.

* * *

There is an impression abroad that, consequent upon Mr. Louis Meyer having secured "The Silver King" for his next Strand production, "Mr. Wu" is about to be withdrawn. The fact is that "Mr. Wu" is still drawing nearly full houses, and its withdrawal is not even contemplated as yet.

* * *

It is a good thing indeed to have "When Knights Were Bold" with us again. The wholesome comedy scene in which the harnessed knight challenges 20th century Jimmy Welch to mortal combat with terrible and most original results will live in my memory for longer than ten years, which is about the period which has elapsed since last I saw it. If you had seen "When Knights Were Bold" you would look forward to renewing your acquaintance with as keen a pleasure as I do.

W. R. C. R.

"Can I call you a taxi, sir?"
"Call me anything you like so long as you get out of my sight."

CUPID STAKES.

The man put up his hand to brush away a fly that would insist on walking on his nose, and came in contact with something which felt remarkably like a piece of grass. He lazily opened one eye and caught sight of a laughing face bending over him. He was somewhat quicker in opening the other eye.

"I have come to amuse you," the girl said.

"That is awfully kind of you."

"Aunt Mary sent me, she thought you might be lonely waiting for Phyllis. I'm Molly, you know!"

"Indeed! Well, I was lonely, but I shan't be now." His manner of speaking was preternaturally grave, and there was not the slightest suspicion of a twinkle in his grey eyes, although they looked as if that should be their sole occupation in life. He waited for her to speak again.

"I hunted for you in the orchard," she said at last, as she sat herself down beside him, "then I happened to look over the fence and saw you under the tree, and I believe you were asleep!" The suppressed twinkle at last shone forth—he laughed.

"And you are not in need of gloves?"

She ignored the flippant remark, and studied the man's face with frank interest.

"You are much younger than I thought you were from Phyllis's letters, and I am sure she said your eyes were brown."

"I'm twenty-nine," he replied in his former tone of mock solemnity. "Does that seem very old?"

"Not a bit; I am nineteen. I say, don't you think it is a horrid shame of Aunt Mary to keep me at the convent all this time? Daisy Pelham—she lives at the end of the road—says it is because Aunt was afraid that if I was at home, she wouldn't get Phyllis 'off.'"

The man shared Daisy's opinion, but he judged it better policy not to say so. The girl chattered on.

"But I have left at last, thank goodness! I came home this morning. Aunt Mary says she will take me abroad, but I don't much want to go—not with her. That is the worst of not having a father or mother, you always have to do what Aunt Mary says."

He expressed his sympathy in eloquent terms.

"Do you know many people about here?" she asked suddenly, after a short pause, during which time she idly plucked the petals from an ox-eye daisy.

"He loves me—he loves me not—he loves—yes, he does!" the man said dreamily. He was lying on his side now, propped up on one elbow, looking admiringly at the "child-woman," as he had mentally christened her, as she sat leaning her fair head against the bole of the old oak that sheltered them from the hot August sun.

"Don't be silly, Philip! You have not answered my question. Do you know many people about here?"

"A good many."

"Do you know Augustus Rawson?"

"Yes!"

"Do you like him?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I hate him."

He looked at her curiously. "Do you know him?"

"No, but it is his name I hate. He could not possibly be nice with a name like Augustus."

"Poor devil! It is not his fault. It is the family name—besides, they call him by his second name, John." The girl threw the daisy petals into the air, and they fell in a white shower around her.

"'Augustus was a chubby lad,
Fat, ruddy cheeks Augustus had,
And everybody saw with joy
The plump and hearty, healthy boy,'"

she quoted.

"Ah, but you forget, in his latter days he assumed most slim and aristocratic proportions."

"Yes, and in his endeavours to do so he died! Do you know Augustus Rawson well?" She made a fascinating little *moue* over his name.

"Fairly well," he said, laughing at her expression.

"Is he good looking?"

"Rather!" He spoke enthusiastically. "He is one of the best. All the girls go mad over him. I should call him handsome myself, but, of course, opinions are bound to differ. He's an awfully clever chap, too, and not a bit conceited. Too modest, in fact, he never—"

"Leaves his soup! What a paragon! I hate those sort of people, so it is not the slightest use praising him up to me. Daisy Pelham raves over him. She wanted me to take a bet on that he would fall in love with her before me. She said I was bound to fall head over ears in love with him directly I saw him, but I shan't."

"Have you taken the bet on?"

"Yes, she worried me so, I did it to keep her quiet. She used to talk about him in the dormitory at night when I wanted to sleep. She met him at Brighton on her holidays."

"Well, I'm afraid she'll lose her money over that bet, I—"

"Don't be so silly! I say, though, you won't tell Aunt Mary, will you, Philip?—oh, I may call you Philip, mayn't I? Because you will soon be my brother-in-law now."

"Of course, Molly. Call me anything—Augustus, if you like!"

"You are horrid! If you are going to tease I shall be sorry I ever told you anything about that bet."

"I shan't!"

"When are you and Phyllis going to be married?" was her next query. "I am dying to go to a real wedding. I am to have a new frock, and put my hair up. I do hope it will be soon. When is it?"

For a moment he looked at the innocent girlish face beside him, and the trim little figure in the childish frock, then, watching her very carefully, he said,

"I have really not thought about marrying Phyllis yet. Somehow, now I have seen you"

"You are not going to start making love to *me*?"

"Well, I had thought about it. Any objections?" He watched the warm flush that mantled her cheeks and brow, with a whimsical light in his grey eyes.

"It's hatefully sneakish of you! You are not a bit nice!"

"Not as nice as Augustus Rawson?"

"If that is his style, I hate him more than ever. I suppose it is: they say 'birds of a feather.'" She drew herself up, the child gone, only the indignant woman remaining.

Suddenly Phyllis's voice broke the frigid silence.

"Philip! Philip! Where are you?"

"Let's hide!" cried Molly's companion, and he dragged her down beside him, holding both her hands. She crouched close to him, and he whispered in her ear,

"You are not really cross, are you, Molly?"

"Yes, I am. It would be different if you were not engaged to Phyllis, I might have forgiven you then."

"Might! You *would*, you mean!" She did not answer.

"Philip!" The voice came nearer. Molly drew herself farther away from the man, and crouched down again. A head appeared over the fence.

"Hullo, Molly! Where is Philip?"

"He has gone into the village, I think, Miss Phyllis, to get some 'baccy.'"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Rawson, I did not know you were there. I'll go and meet him. Don't let Molly bore you," and the head disappeared.

"I say, you are not very cross, are you?" he said apologetically. "You see, it was really your fault in the first place for mistaking me for Philip, and then, when you said you hated Augustus Rawson, I could not tell you who I was, you would have run away, and—I wanted you to stay," he finished up with his quick, boyish smile.

"I am going now, though," she retorted, but she did not move. "And I told you all about the bet, and you promised you would not tell, and—oh, I think you are horribly mean!" She stamped her foot among the inoffensive daisies.

"But I won't tell—'honour bright'—until you tell me I can."

"What do you mean?"

"Until you let me tell Daisy Pelham she has lost her bet."

They were standing now. She took two steps back, then, her shoulders resting against the trunk of the tree, her hands clasped demurely before her. She looked straight at Augustus with an expression that was intended to convey righteous indignation, but there was a hint of laughter in her eyes.

"Do you very much hate the name of Augustus?" he said at last.

"I don't know." She spoke softly, and coloured, but she did not take her eyes from his face.

"How long do you think it will be before you find out?"

"I don't know," she said again. He came forward and put both hands on her shoulders. Two pairs of grey eyes looked searchingly into each other's depths for an instant, then both laughed.

"'Fat, ruddy cheeks Augustus had,'" she said, looking at the man's aquiline features. "Handsome—clever, but *too* modest," she echoed mockingly, and darted away from his grasp.

"But Daisy Pelham has lost that bet!" he called after her, as he stooped to pick up a daisy she had dropped, and followed her leisurely.

Her only answer was a kiss of the hand as she lightly climbed the stile from the meadow to the orchard.

Noel Hinton.

Never put off till to-morrow the friend who is willing to lend you money to-day.

* * *

Life is a hurdle race in which a lot of us jump at conclusions.

* * *

A martyr is a man who lives up to his wife's expectations of him.

* * *

The people who keep their troubles to themselves also keep their friends.

* * *

The sluggard is bidden to go to the ant; but alas! how often he goes to his uncle!

WITH MOTOR-CYCLE & CAR.

We have now reached that time of the year when many people have either just bought a motor vehicle or are on the point of doing so. Naturally enough, the latter are generally swayed by the opinions and experiences of the former. Should this person be dissatisfied with his machine, he advises his friend to "stick to motor 'buses" or "keep plugging away with a bicycle." There is no doubt that not a few are disappointed with their first choice in the world of petrol. The weak man who buys a seven-horse-power twin soon gets alarmed at the liveliness of his mount. Vice versa the fat man who invests in an ultra lightweight gets very sick of cajoling his new possession up hills. Lightweights have a way of becoming very heavy when a man with a corporation commences to push them up a hill on a hot day!

Really, it is far better to buy a second-hand machine—either motor-cycle or car—to learn on. A few weeks' practice will quite suffice to make you think that what you don't know about motoring isn't worth knowing, and incidentally to make you thoroughly disgusted with your antiquarian mount. Unfortunately, very few are content to dawdle around on a 1910 model, when their best pal is careering along on a brand new Indian. When once they get enthused with the fever, metaphorically speaking, they fall over one another in their anxiety to get a quick "delivery."

When choosing a machine—either for the first time or not—the question of power often proves the stumbling block. There is, of course, a great temptation to specify a big horse-power, which will tear along the straight and romp up hills. This is all very well where cars are concerned, but the "pot" round motor-cyclist should be less ambitious. For good ordinary touring use there is nothing to beat a 3½ horse-power single cylinder. Add to this a two-speed gear, and you will have a very efficient side-car machine, fit for almost any of our roads.

Once the horse-power is decided upon, it is as well to pay some attention to weight, for motor-cycles are by no means at one in this respect. There is a general idea abroad that a twin cylinder will make for better hill climbing. As a matter of fact this is not necessarily the case, and twins are generally more troublesome than singles. Accessibility, too, is often not one of their features.

Accessibility is not merely a matter of fancy; its advantages can be measured in pounds, shillings and pence. Few mortals can afford or desire to allow their toys to spend more than a limited period of the year at the repair shop. When we buy a machine, we like to think that first cost will be last cost—or very nearly so. Given a good machine it should need very little tinkering beyond occasional minor adjustments. And these adjustments are not easily carried out if the engine cannot be conveniently got at.

Paint and plating are matters that call for great caution; to the tyro they are often a snare and a delusion. All is not gold that glitters, but on the other hand the maker who pays scant attention to the outside of his productions probably treats their interior in a similar manner. It is by no means the mark of a fop to choose a dazzlingly smart model. On the contrary, it is very good business. Few keep a machine for more than two years, and in the second-hand market paint counts above everything else.

E. B. Ince.

CRICKET'S DECLINE.

"Cricket is a match and not a mere exhibition of batting. To those who wish to see a match—that is, a contest where batting meets bowling and fielding on equal terms—the cricket during the last month has been only a little short of a burlesque."

Thus Mr. R. H. Lyttleton in the *Times*. He is referring to the use of the pads in county cricket, and attributes to their use the fact that the game is dying in interest with the public, and consequently languishing for want of funds because of the number of drawn games, and he avers that the reason for the drawn games is the use of the pads as a guard to the wicket. Mr. Lyttleton stigmatises the present leg-before-wicket rule as absurd, and goes on to castigate "Plum" Warner for a sentence he wrote in an article in the *Westminster Gazette* last year, in which he said that "the legs are a legitimate second line of defence."

Now there is much in Mr. Lyttleton's contention. He points to the results of seven matches finishing on fine, hard wickets one Wednesday in May, in which 7,345 runs were scored, and in which three of the games were left drawn. Cricket is not like football, in which two points can be given for a win and one for a drawn game. In footer it is a definite result; in cricket, it may be the escape from a calamity, or a stroke of real bad luck—it all depends upon the point of view. If we could assure the public that spectacular cricket would begin and end like spectacular football does, then we should have the same cheering crowds. There is no diminution in the average Englishman's love for the game, but, like a lot more of us, he finds county cricket extremely dull.

Probably club cricket was never in a more flourishing condition than at present, and probably there are more clubs and more players than ever before, and for the most part the bowlers can quite hold their own with the bat. Woe betide the unfortunate batsman who gets hit by a ball that would have hit the wicket. In nine cases out of ten he has to go, especially if the bowler is appealing to his own umpire—each side provides one of the umpires. Wickets are too good, and far too many runs are made in county cricket; averages are thought too much of, and there are not enough amateurs.

C. B. FRY AGAIN.

C. B. Fry has come out of his shell again, just by way of demonstrating that this Admirable Crichton of athletes is still capable of wielding the willow with the best of them. For Hampshire against Gloucestershire he made 41 and 112, and, moreover, got his runs in the true Charles Burgess Fry style. Personally, I never thought Fry an attractive batsman to watch, but he is a tremendous asset to any side.

TENNIS.

Lawn tennis at Wimbledon in the next weeks will be one of the great attractions of the London season. The presence of Norman Brookes as an opponent to the world's champion, A. F. Wilding, will invest the doings there with a lot of interest. It looks like being a record year, in spite of the fillip the game received from the booming the Americans got last year.

BOXING.

There is a persistent attempt to keep the boxing season open right through the summer. The game is booming, it is true, but I fancy the greedy promoters will find that they can run it to death, and will kill the goose if they keep it at the golden egg laying game too long. All sports and pastimes require a close season, and it is just one of the troubles of boxing that there is no governing body for the professional sport. Big purses and abnormal gate receipts are the present fashion. There were palmy days in sculling and foot racing, wrestling and other sports. Let the get-rich-quick crowd take heed of the fate that befel those sports. The public does not like being fooled, and we have sailed precious near it lately in results and match-making.

Mr. Laurence has a good man in Colin Bell. I am not certain whether he has not got the best of the lot, but he can well keep his challenge until Bell has beaten Wells, before he wants to match him with the winner of the "Gunboat" Smith-Carpentier match. There has been tremendous enthusiasm in boxing circles over the advent of Smith. As Mr. Laurence says, brass bands and receptions don't make a man a champion, and Smith, to his credit, realises that they don't. I fancy Carpentier, but he will have to be good to beat that earnest young man with the big feet.

Jack Johnson will have none of the photographed £6,000. He has signed a contract with Mr. Richard Klegin, who ran the big baseball match at Stamford Bridge, and Mr. Klegin is sure he can bring off a match with Langford. If Johnson gets £6,000, what will be Langford's corner? The champion is said to be real fit and well for his match with Moran, which he is taking really seriously.

THE CHIEL AYANG YE

"Is it true that Ethel has become an anti-Suffragette? What does she do?"
"Oh, she spends her time touring the country telling them that woman's place is her home."

GOLF.

Harry Vardon looks likely to win the Open Golf Championship this year, and lead the field for the sixth time in his career. He is now playing as well, or better than he ever did; he is putting steadily, and although he sometimes avers that he does not hit them quite so far down the middle as he did of yore, there is very little in it.

Vardon's triumph in the Cruden Bay tournament was a brilliant one. In the qualifying competition he had two rounds of 73, and when it came to the competition proper he beat in turn James Braid, Ted Ray, and George Duncan. What a trio of scalps—the present and ex-champion, and perhaps the most brilliantly erratic player of the day!

Vardon has won the chief honours five times; so have James Braid and J. H. Taylor. They are the triumvirate, the Alpha and Omega of golf. Since J. H. Taylor first got his name engrossed on the scroll of fame in 1894, there have been but five others outside these three to win the distinction. They are so exceptional a list, these interlopers into the preserves of the illustrious trio, that their names may as well be given. They are Harold Hilton in 1897, Sandy Herd in 1902, Jack White in 1904, and Arnaud Massy, the brilliant French player of North Berwick training, in 1907. Hilton had scored a previous victory as far back as 1892, and he shares with John Ball, jun., the winner in 1900, the honour of being the only amateurs to have successfully competed with all comers. And to-day, in spite of the presence of Francis Ouimet, Hilton is the likeliest amateur of them all to beat the professors.

J. H. Taylor is not yet in the form that he displayed last year when he was winning the championship, but it will be remembered that he came out of his shell as it were to regain his place in the top ranks, and perhaps he is going to make history repeat itself as it did in 1895, when he scored a second successive victory.

James Braid would surprise a few if he came out and won, for the Walton Heath man, although he has recovered his wonted robust health, is not playing that consistent game that is requisite to win an open championship. He is almost sure to head the field on one of the days, but he may follow a 71 with an 81, and the winner this year will probably be in the seventies all the way.

The *Times* has been conducting a correspondence on the question of golf in which all sorts and conditions of people are airing their views on the subject of whether golf is a sport of a decadent race, whether it is good for boys to play, and so on. As a matter of fact golf is the greatest game of the lot, because from seven to seventy or over all can play on equal terms by means of a handicap.

Just as to whether a boy should be allowed to play golf to the exclusion of cricket and footer is another matter. Personally, I would not let a son of mine learn golf until he had had his drilling at the team games. Golf may inculcate self-reliance, but the others teach discipline and *esprit de corps*. And as some people say, there is no great virtue in a game for boys that does not entail some personal risk. Golf is essentially the game for men whose cricket days are over, or on the wane, and what a game for girls and women! I yield to none in my enthusiasm for golf, but I should not like to think now that I had cultivated it at the expense of the glorious memories of many a cricket and footer match.

Niblick.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

H.S. (Buxton) and A.D. (Burdett Rd.).—Thanks for confirmation of "W.R.C.R.'s" story of the condensed version of "A Tale of Two Cities," played on the Halls.

C.W.R. (Hoxton).—Cannot recommend the sweepstake you name, but there are others. Our information is that there is no probability of the straight promoters being interfered with.

A.P. (Camberwell).—Thanks; no. There are other journals where you can ventilate grievances against the police.

P.W.T. (Golder's Green).—With every inclination to assist an embryo genius, the W.P.B. triumphed. We own a business-like pair of scissors, and can do our own filching from other journals—if that was in our line. Try something original, or, better still, leave it alone.

A.R.E. (Hull).—Have been deluged with stuff about the "Empress of Ireland" disaster, but it is a subject we prefer to leave alone.

Poor Law (West Kensington).—The International Horse Show is, together a gilt-edged affair, run for gilt-edged people. If they want to do the thing in style, why shouldn't they?

S.T. (Birmingham).—Don't believe everything you see and read. Most of those freak fashions are got up specially for the benefit of an enterprising press and a confiding public. People don't really wear the things.

OUTER-MAN.

A.J.S. (Dorking).—A double collar should never be worn with evening dress. Black ties are only worn with dinner jackets.

Franks (Derby).—Five guineas is quite a fair price for a lounge suit made of good tweed.

C.B. (Hampstead).—All bows, no matter how they are employed, should be tied by hand.

Triplex (Nottingham).—The starched polo collar has come to London via New York, and will probably be very fashionable this summer.

MOTORING.

Troubled (Worcester).—The Singer should certainly go more than 30 miles to the gallon. You should carefully examine the carburetter and the silencing apparatus.

C. (Bala).—Chain nail catchers are most efficient, and if properly fitted will not harm the tyre.

F.G. (Southfields).—Do not inject anything sticky into the tubes. It prevents proper vulcanisation.

E.B.S. (Norwich).—Leather belts are satisfactory in fine weather, but on the whole rubber is a preferable material.

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FINANCE & ASSURANCE.

Considering the sensational developments in connection with the Grenfell-Canadian Agency suspensions, the stock markets have displayed remarkable recuperative powers. As usual, the fact that the worst was known helped this recovery, which has been fairly general. But prices have advanced more as the result of this relaxation of the tension than from the volume of business transacted, which is extremely limited. So far, nobody has plucked up sufficient courage to buy freely, although bargains are plentiful, and the immediate future is regarded as fairly hopeful. Home Rails have shared in the improvement, but Canadian securities have displayed considerable weakness, partly as the result of selling from the Dominion. Rubber has developed a stronger tone, better prices having been recorded at the resumed auction sales of the commodity. Oil shares have been a cheerful market. Kaffirs have been stimulated by the satisfactory interim dividends, and the increase in the gold output. But in no market has there been much public business.

* * *

The sensational collapse of the Chaplin, Milne, Grenfell firm, and of the Canadian Agency did not come altogether as a surprise to the City, although it had been practically announced that the trouble which caused it had been arranged by a strong syndicate. This included the Bank of England, the Bank of Montreal, and Messrs. Robert Fleming and Co., who were reported to have taken over liabilities aggregating about £5,000,000.

* * *

The Stock Exchange, always discounting the future, is now asking: "How far was the trouble caused by speculative operations, and how far by adverse financial conditions? And what chances are there of the reorganisation of the companies on a sounder basis?" There is one satisfactory feature of these sensational suspensions. The ordinary investing and speculating public are scarcely affected, most of the liabilities being in connection with strong banking and financial houses, which can well bear the strain.

* * *

The Stock Exchange is now awaiting the publication of the statement of affairs, especially in connection with the £460,000 cash, said to have been deposited with the Agency by a big oil company controlled by the Grenfells. Where is that money now? And why was it deposited with the Agency instead of being placed with the company's bankers? That is what the shareholders of the oil company are entitled to know. We cannot at present obtain any information, which is extremely serious for both the shareholders and the directors concerned.

* * *

Spies Petroleum have had a sensational "slump" from 23s. to 16s. 6d., within three days. The unpleasantness of the incident has been further intensified by the fact that the bad news which caused the "slump" was known in certain quarters some time before the company issued their explanatory circular. By this sort of leakage, which is far too common, a few privileged operators can often make big profits before the news becomes generally known. It is only fair to add that such leakages occur in every market—and probably always will. For directors are very human, and managers on the spot can be influenced by brainy operators on the Stock Exchange. We need not point the moral!

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

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* * *

Plenty of middle-class people, compelled to consider their family traditions and social position, positively cannot afford to educate their children at an ordinary Council school, where the surroundings are decidedly mixed. On the other hand, it is not always easy for them to find the money for school rates for poor children, and at the same time raise the high fees necessary for their own children at a high-class school. This must, however, be done, otherwise parents may have the mortification of seeing their boys and girls beaten in the conquest of sound positions by children of the lower classes who have received a free education, scholarships, grants, etc.

* * *

Unfortunately, the provision of the necessary funds for such educational purposes imposes a great strain on parents. This can, however, be minimised by assurance, the companies having evolved some very attractive policies for providing for children's education, starting boys in business or purchasing a partnership, and providing dowries for daughters. Of course, an early start is the principal factor, for then the premiums are moderate. Suppose a father, age 35, wished to provide £600 for his son aged three, when he attained the age of 21. He could pay £56 11s. 6d. for ten years to secure that sum. Should the father die suddenly the payment of further premiums would immediately cease, while all the benefits stipulated under the policy would accrue to the son just the same. Other conditions render this a very attractive policy for any parents anxious to do the best they can for their son.

* * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Replies are sent by post to readers enclosing stamped addressed envelope.]

Keyk (Dublin).—You can secure a joint annuity on the lives of yourself and wife. The amount depends on your respective ages, and the sum available for its purchase.

W.L. (Cardiff).—No. Should not advise you to invest £50 in the oil concern. Deposit it in the Post Office Savings Bank as a nest egg.

G.B. (Dundee).—Your friend was wrong. The Suez Canal shares bought by the British Government cost £4,000,000. They are now worth about £33,000,000, quite apart from their immense political importance in Europe.

F.A. (Liverpool).—We do not recommend shares, but Hudson Bay is a sound security. At present quotation the yield, on last year's dividend basis, is nearly 5½ per cent.

Aigle (Southampton).—Mexican Eagle shares cannot be recommended until the situation in Mexico becomes more settled. The oil properties may at any moment be exposed to serious danger.

Safety (Chelmsford).—A limited payment policy would suit you best, under the circumstances. Office you mention quite suitable.

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RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

During the past few days much speculation has taken place on the Royal Hunt Cup, which comes up for decision on Wednesday. It is a very open affair, and long odds have been obtainable about the chances of the majority of the horses engaged. Both Santair and Braxted, who finished second and third respectively to Long Set in the race last year, are again expected to run well, and have met with much support. Braxted conceded Santair eleven pounds last year, and was beaten a neck, but now Sir Thomas Dewar's horse has to concede the son of Santoi only one pound, the weight being 7st. 11lbs., and as he won the Wokingham Stakes two days after finishing third in the Royal Hunt Cup his chance on Wednesday is obvious. This season Braxted finished third to Maiden Erlegh and Candytuft in the City and Suburban, and later was second to Jameson in the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park. Santair was very consistent last campaign, and if the son of Santoi is at his best now he is certain to run prominently.

For the winner I vote for

BRAXTED.

Places may be secured by Aiglon and Santair.

Although it does not provoke nearly so much speculation as the Royal Hunt Cup, the Ascot Stakes is always an interesting race. Florist and The Curragh with 9st. apiece share the position at the head of the handicap, and if the latter is saddled here instead of for Wednesday's race he should distinguish himself. Last year's winner, Rivoli, now has 8st. 9lb. to carry, 8lbs. more than in 1913, and he should again be a fancied candidate. Other likely competitors with chances are Annecy (8st. 5lb.), Bonfire (8st. 4lb.), Redwood (8st. 2lb.), Warlingham (7st. 11lb.), and Washing Day (7st. 7lb.), and The Guller (7st. 1lb.). Without going fully into details I think

ANNECY

will win; and Bonfire and Rivoli may get place.

The class of the field for the Gold Cup on Thursday is not so high as usual, and danger may be expected from the French candidate, Bruleur, who will be ridden by George Stern. Aleppo, and Junior appear to be our chief hopes. In voting for

ALEPPO

I shall expect the Manton horse to be fully extended by Bruleur.

The other races with their attendant valuable prizes should bring out big fields, and provide excellent sport. On the opening day, Tuesday, the Coventry Stakes may be won by Friar Marcus; the Sixtieth Triennial Stakes by Birlingham; and the Prince of Wales's Stakes by Black Jester. On Wednesday Kenmymore should win the Ascot Derby Stakes; Wassilissa the Coronation Stakes; and Bambersa the Sixty-Second Triennial Stakes. The New Stakes on Thursday should fall to the Cheshire Cat gelding, and the Fifty-First New Biennial Stakes to Happy Warrior, who will win a race at the meeting. Night Hawk may secure the Alexandra Plate on the concluding day, Royal Mandate Ascot High-Weight Handicap, and Lord Annandale the Wokingham Stakes.

Windsor, as usual, winds up the Ascot week, on Saturday, when the Royal June Handicap should be won by Capt. Dewhurst's selected.

ASKING PAPA.

The other evening I sat beside Amy looking (I think) as though I had swallowed a pin.

"Don't look like that," said Amy. "You make me feel—queer. Smile, please."

I did so.

"Oh, heavens! As you were, quick! As you were!"

"It's all your fault, anyway," I retorted. "I don't see that it's necessary to ask papa. It seems awfully silly asking a man if you can marry his daughter."

"It's done in all the best families, Jimmy," said Amy, "and you wouldn't have it said you were marrying into anything but the absolute edge, would you?"

"Well, I suppose it's got to be done. Look here, though. I believe in rehearsing all those little episodes of life that require finesse, and this is one. Let's do it thoroughly. Now, I'm papa, and you're me."

"Isn't that bad grammar?" asked Amy doubtfully.

"It doesn't matter a tinker's curse," I said. "I was only speaking carbolically."

"Let soap so," said Amy.

I raised my hands to Heaven. "*Miserere*!" I begged. "Return to your sheep, please. Go on. I'm papa."

"Good evening, sir," said Amy.

"It is, young man."

"I wasn't looking for a denial. You needn't get so enthusiastic over it. It shows nervousness. It's I who should be nervous—not you. However, to proceed. Sir, I love your daughter. She has promised to become my wife conditional on your acceptance of the sample herewith.—I got that last bit out of his business letters."

"Don't digress," I said. "Papa speaks. What! you, the son of my dearest friend, wish to marry my daughter? Why, this is the happiest day of my life. With all my heart and soul I give her freely to you, my boy, to do as you will with. She should be proud to have secured the love of such a noble, handsome, intellectual ——"

"No, no, no!" said Amy, crescendo. "Father's not exactly an imbecile. You're all wrong. Come off the rug and let *me* get into the fireplace. I'll be papa, and you can be yourself. Now; start."

"Sir, I love your daughter dearly. I——"

"Yes, that's all right," interrupted Amy, "but you'd better not look at father like that. Don't twist your face so much."

"Your father's at least a gentleman," I said bitterly, "and won't throw such wanton insults around. You can't act for little apples, Amy, honestly. I'll go up and ask him now, without standing any more of your base calumnies. . . . Farewell. Keep a stout heart, dear coz, what time I go to fight for thee. Though thou hast spurned my love with unseemly jest, yet do I swear that while the blood of ——"

"Heaven preserve you, my hero," said Amy. "And do hurry up!"

I knocked at the door and entered. "Good evening," I said genially.

Papa made a noise like a grunt in its infancy. "Do you want me for anything in particular?" he asked. "I'm busy."

"Oh, not at all," I assured him. "I'll wait. It's a little matter."

I commenced to count the lines on the wall-paper. I had got up to three hundred and two when he made my nodding head resume a stationary perpendicular position by abruptly snarling, "Well?"

That did it. I simply couldn't ask him. You've no idea what a beast the beggar looked. So all I could do was to smile agreeably in order to encourage the flagging conversation.

"Yes?"—testily.

"Of course," I said, feeling it my duty to say something.

"What the devil do you want?"

"Well—oh, hang it all! Isn't Amy a fearfully nice girl?"

"I—beg—your—pardon?"

"Why?" I asked pleasantly. "It's not your fault."

"Have you come upstairs to tell me that?"

"Among other things," I said. Then I thought I'd break the news gently. "Sir, I know how a father must feel when his daughter is torn from his bosom. I know how a father must grieve to think of his daughter entrusted to another's care. I know how a father must pine ——"

"Do you mind my closing my eyes?" he interrupted, folding his arms across his waist.

"Not at all," I said.

"Or your closing your mouth?"

"Jimm-ee! Jimm-ee!" called Amy from below.

"I hear you calling me," I sang, poking my head round the door.

A flutter of skirts, and she stood in the room.

"Jimmy's been talking to you, father?" she asked.

"He has," said father.

"Then you know. He's going to marry me. That all right?"

Papa surveyed us for a space. "Oh, I s'pose so," he said at last, very wearedly.

* * *

Outside: "I flatter myself I did that rather nicely," I said.

ERIC DE BANZIE.

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* * *

A DEDUCTION FROM EXPERIENCE.

"Papa!"

"Yes, my son!"

"What is an excavation?"

"Why, an excavation, my boy, is a place from where dirt has been taken."

"Well, I suppose my face is an excavation, then."

* * *

"The hotel is so crowded, sir, that the best we can do is to put you in the same room as the proprietor."

"That will be all right; just put my valuables in the safe."

* * *

BANNS TO FOLLOW.

Mother: "Well, Madge, have you been to that editor again? Has he accepted any of your poems yet?"

Madge: "No; but with my permission he has accepted me—and we hope to 'publish' shortly!"

* * *

THEN WILKINS GOT MAD.

Wilkins: "The fact is, doctor, my wife does not walk enough. She can never be persuaded to go out without an object."

Doctor. "Then why do you not make a point of going out with her yourself?"

"Curious sort of bird there, old chap. He flies while he is asleep."
"Really?"
"Yes. Can't you hear him snoring?"—"Le Rire."

IMPORTANT POINT.

Lawyer (to hesitating client): "Revenge is sweet, remember! We'll fight this case to the bitter end!"

Client: "But who'll get the bitter end—the other fellow or me?"—*Chicago News.*

* * *

A PLAIN PRESCRIPTION.

Mandy (rushing into the drugstore): "Doc, Ah wants somethin' to put mah man asleep."

Doc: "Gentleman of colour?"

Mandy: "Yessah."

Doc. "Use a flatiron."—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

* * *

"Is your wife going to wear her diamonds to the grand opera?"

"Of course," answered Mr. Cumrox. "We can't all appreciate music, and we ought to try to make grand opera interesting even for those who go merely to look on."—*Washington Star.*

* * *

SHE WAS WISE.

A woman, wearing an anxious expression, called at an insurance office one morning.

"I understand," she said, "that for five dollars I can insure my house for a thousand dollars in your company."

"Yes," replied the agent, "that is right. If your house burns down, we pay you one thousand dollars."

"And," continued the woman anxiously, "do you make any inquiries as to the origin of the fire?"

"Certainly," was the prompt reply. "We make the most careful inquiries, madam."

"Oh"—and she turned to leave the office—"I thought there was a catch in it somewhere!"—*Everybody's.*

Passenger: "B-b-bub-eautiful s-s-scenery out this w-way, isn't there?
Hopeless Motorist: "So I've heard. Some day I'm coming out here to look at it."
—"Puck."

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

Now that the Clerk of the Weather has—for a time at least—stopped confusing England with the North Pole the summer season rush for clothes has set in in real earnest. Most Londoners indulge in a new suit at this time of the year, while many others are procuring holiday wear. Flannel manufacturers are benefiting greatly from the present trade, for flannel is really "booming" this year. And there is nothing like flannel for comfort. It is perhaps a trifle unsuited for business wear except in the very hottest weather, but for pleasure, for use after the cashmere trousers of commerce have gone back to their press, it stands without a rival. On the whole this material is not seen at its best when employed for making a complete suit. But when combined with tweed or serge it looks exceedingly smart.

* * *

Nothing, for instance, could be nicer than a well-cut blue serge coat worn with a pair of grey flannel trousers. The latter, by the bye, should not be purchased ready made. They are garments which seem simple, but in reality require to be extremely well made. A pair composed of cheap flannel will easily pull out of shape, and in any case, unless made to measure, will either be too full or will get baggy at the knees. They must be fitted with permanent turn ups and with loops for a belt. If a belt is worn it can very suitably be of the same colour and design as the tie. The trousers should just reach down to the ankles and must always be worn with shoes. Boots are entirely out of place with holiday or summer wear. Brogue shoes are, I may mention, coming into fashion again this summer. Last year everyone was wearing Oxford shoes, but brogues are to be recommended for their sturdy appearance and hard wearing qualities. They are, however, another of these little etceteras which should never be bought cheaply. The leather design in the uppers of the cheap kind is apt to come apart from its foundation.

* * *

While for smart wear a blue serge coat goes excellently with grey trousers, most people when rambling in the country at holiday time prefer something more useful—as they term it. They should have either a grey tweed coat or one made of the same material as the trousers. The latter choice is perhaps not to be recommended. Flannel coats lose their shape very quickly, and have a particular objection to sea-water in any shape or form. A "top" made of a neat, herring-bone pattern grey tweed is especially suitable. Tweed will stand almost anything, and can be relied on to keep its shape for a lengthy period. Where a "whole" flannel suit is selected it should be of a dark blue colour with a thin, unobtrusive white stripe.

* * *

The modern sports jacket is very different from its predecessor of a year or two ago. In these days the style was new, and people had not apparently had time to cultivate a correct taste. So we met them in horrible Harris tweeds, in coarse mixtures of greens and yellows—complete with a smell that caused many of us to change our railway carriages quickly. Then, too, the one ideal of the tailor was apparently to get in as many pockets as he possibly could, and to sprinkle the whole affair with huge leather buttons ad lib. Now his notions on the subject have happily undergone a severe change. The up-to-date coat is not made for a clodhopping farm labourer (for wear at Yarmouth) but for gentlemen. It has, therefore, become neater and quieter, and consequently smarter. That is why it will be so popular this summer. A shrewd tailor man had a neat explanation of this to offer me the other day. "You see," he said, "this is an age of sport. Everybody shoots or plays golf or tennis. When I say everybody I mean all with sufficient muscular energy. The others—who can't play—wear clothes which will make people think that they do." With the observation that man was ever a deceitful animal I leave this theory for you to judge of its merits.

* * *

Many men are having their sports coats made with a plain back without even a belt. A slit should always be provided. Another type is "built" with a half seam at the back, and on the whole this is perhaps the preferable style to select. There should be two side pockets with flaps to button, and one breast pocket.

* * *

As for material, almost anything in grey or brown is suitable. Grey and brown are the colours of the year and greens are distinctly out of date. Plain twills will be largely worn in these colours, and there should be a distinct run on light Scotch tweeds in herring-bone patterns. All patterns must be of a subdued nature with the exception of black and white checks. Here boldness is an advantage. As a matter of fact not many sports coats are being made in checks. Those that I have seen, however, looked exceedingly smart.

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